

LEO BURNETT COMPANY, Inc.

Ad No. 1132—Req. No. 96824—2/3 page—B&W—4 1/2 x 10 in.

Notre Dame Scholastic, May 9, 1960

Navy Log, May 9, 1960

Pointer, May 9, 1960

(B)



"LITTLE STORIES WITH BIG MORALS"

First Little Story

Once upon a time a German exchange student from old Heidelberg came to an American university. He lived in the men's dormitory of the great American university. He was a fine, decent young man and all the other young men in the dormitory of the great American university tried very hard to make friends with him, but, unfortunately, he was so shy that he refused all their invitations to join their bull sessions. After a while his dormitory mates got tired of asking him and so the poor German exchange student, alas, spent every evening alone in his room.

One night while sitting all alone in his room, he smelled the most delicious aroma coming from the room next door. Conquering his shyness, he walked to the room next door and there he saw a bunch of his dormitory mates sitting around and discussing literature, art, culture, and like that. They were all smoking Marlboro cigarettes, which accounts for the delicious aroma smelled by the German exchange student.

Timidly, he entered the room. "Excuse me," he said, "but what is that marvelous smell I smell?"

"It's our good Marlboro cigarettes," cried the men, who were named Fun-loving Ned, Happy Harry, Jolly Jim, and Tol'able David.

So the German exchange student took a Marlboro and enjoyed those better makin's, that finer filter, that smooth, hearty flavor, and soon he was comfortable and easy and lost his shyness.

From that night forward, whenever he smelled the good smell of Marlboro cigarettes, he always went next door and joined the bull session.

MORAL: WHERE THERE'S SMOKE, THERE'S MEYER

Second Little Story

Once upon a time there was an Indian

brave named Walter T. Muskrat who had a squaw named Margaret Giggling Water. Margaret was sort of a mess but she sure could make beaded moccasins. Every day she whipped up a brand-new pair of beaded moccasins for Walter, which were so gorgeous that all the Indian maids on the reservation grew giddy with admiration.

Well, sir, Margaret got pretty tense about all the girls making eyes at Walter and one night they had a terrible quarrel. Walter flew into a rage and slapped her on the wrist, whereupon she started crying like all get-out and went home to her mother and never came back.

"Good riddance!" said Walter, but alas, he soon found out how wrong he was, for the Indian maids were not really interested in him, only in his moccasins, and when he stopped showing up with a new pair every day they quickly gave him the yo-heave-ho. Today he is a broken man, sitting all alone in his tepee and muttering ancient Ute curses.



MORAL: DON'T FIGHT THE HAND THAT BEATS YOU

Third Little Story

Once there was a lion which was a very quiet lion. In fact, the only time it ever made a sound was when it had a toothache.

MORAL: WHEN IT PAINS, IT ROARS

©1960 Max Shulman

The makers of Marlboro would like to point a moral too: Nothing ventured, nothing gained. Try a pack of Marlboros or Marlboro's sister cigarettes—Philip Morris and Alpine—and gain yourself a heap of pleasure.

